

1940

The friends of the Provincial Government find the difference had ceased which had arisen in the Council between the majority and three of the Opposition—M. Ledru Rollin, L. L. Blanc, and M. de la Roche.

The Prussians remain on the Holstein frontier, increasing their numbers. Their force now amounts to 8,000 infantry, to which will be added 3,000 cavalry, so that, altogether, this contingent for the winter, concentrated in Holstein, will amount to about 10,000 men of all arms.

Correspondence from Rendsburg of the 14th mentions a report that a skinship had taken place at Windeby, and that forty Danes had been taken prisoners. The Danes had moved the greater part of the troops which they had concentrated at Schleswig, amounting in all to 8,000 men, to the island of Als, and had sent a detachment of 1,000 men, at a distance of 20 miles, to Copenhagen.

informed that on the 14th, the white residents were hourly in anticipation of a general insurrection among the negroes. The Governor was using great efforts to suppress any attempt, and had already imprisoned a number of blacks whom he supposed to be leaders in this disaffection. He also stated to have upon many of the plantation owners, and the towns.

da, is without foundation. It is much more probable that he wishes to draw Mafeking farther into the interior, or that, in the event of retreating, he is about to utilize the forces with those of Gen. Penango at the 60 or 60 miles easterly from Mafeking with a view to combined operations. Neither is it true that Sir Buller's army is in any danger of being cut off from the sea.

individuals, by joining with the party blacks, will succeed in re-establishing Government under their own control, to a civil constitution, or that despotic and ignorant party of the people, by carrying their points, will cause it to be divided into three parties, each with a candidate for President.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society held its Sixteenth Anniversary at the Irving House of the First Baptist Church, Broome street, New York, on Thursday, 11th, 1888. Business meeting at 10 A. M. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. W. Alden; Secretary, Rev. J. W. Alden; Treasurer, Rev. J. W. Alden; and a number of other officers. The evening session was held at 8 P. M. and was very successful. The following were the names of the officers elected: President, Rev. J. W. Alden; Secretary, Rev. J. W. Alden; Treasurer, Rev. J. W. Alden; and a number of other officers.



"What can the Presbyterian Church do?" Says Dr. Rice, she cannot abolish slavery. True, as regards the mere legal act. But she can help that on; say, if she were united, if her members as citizens, at the ballot box, as Christians in the Church, should say, "let us emancipate, let us relieve the burden ourselves or oppress the black, let us be true," she would carry the question through easily.

4. *Resolved*, That it should be the aim of Congress, as guardians of the People's rights, and as far as practicable, to prevent the public domain from falling into the hands of speculators and monopolists, to the prejudice of the settler, and that we request our Senators and Representatives in Congress to resist strenuously the proposed bill of Mr. Wilbur, of California.

great ameliorations in the condition and institutions of France; but power was not to pass into other hands. There was a crafter party behind the scenes, who were wide awake to the chances of the moment. They had their lists prepared, their course marked out. Neither of the parties opposed to them knew of their movements. Nobody dreamed that Lamartine and Garnier Pagnat had constructed a Provisional Government; the secret, though secretly confined to a number of persons, was well kept. When Paris rose to

This morning, this big *Walhonding*, Captain Hugins, arrived at this port from Marietta, Ohio, from which place he sailed on the 28th of March last. His cargo of flour was shipped at Madison, Indiana, and descending the Mississippi, he arrived at New Orleans on the 5th of April.

poles ignorance." "It deprives its subjects of a great measure of the privileges of the gospel." "This system licenses and produces great cruelty." "Brutal stripes and all the varied kinds of personal indignities are not the only index of emptiness which slavery licenses. The law does not recognise the family relations of a slave, and extends to him no protection in the enjoyment of domestic endearments. The members of a slave family may be forcibly separated so that they shall never more meet, and the fa-

My Lord: I consider it proper to point out to you the consequences which will ensue if you retain the naturalization which you request. Strange as you as one of her sons, you cease to be an Englishman; you are no longer Lord Bingham, you become Citizen Brougham. You instantly lose all your titles to nobility, all your privileges, all the advantages, of which you are entitled to partake, and you are no longer a subject; they may be, which you enjoy from your position as an Englishman, and all the rights of your country.

POPE PIUS THE SIXTH.—The present Pontiff of Rome is truly an extraordinary man. When the twelve thousand men were about to march to the door of Lombardy, he was asked for his benediction, which he gave as follows: *My dear children, I am Head of the Church, I am at peace with all the universe. As an Italian Prince, I have a right to defend my country. I thank you. I thank you for the aid you give to defend the Holy Church. I thank you.*







# LITERARY EXAMINER.

## The Value of the Green.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
On the sunny hill-side,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shadow and sunny place,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
All around the open door,  
Where all the good go,  
Here where the children play,  
In the light and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
In the busy city street,  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart,  
Telling his busy part,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low soft humming;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
More welcome than the flowers,  
In summer's pleasant hours,  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird will sing,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
When you're in the land of the dead,  
In the happy spring I'll come,  
And deck your silent home,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
My humble song of praise  
Most graciously I sing  
To him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

## Green Descriptive Poetry.

Let us not forget that Grecian scenery possesses the peculiar charm of blended and intermingled land and sea; the breaking waves and changing brightness of the surrounding ocean, amidst shores adorned with vegetation, or picturesque cliffs richly tinged with soil. Whilst to other nations the different pursuits belonging to the sea and to the land appeared separate and distinct, the Greeks, not only of the islands, but also of almost all the southern portion of the mainland, enjoyed the continual presence of the greater variety and richness, as well as of the higher character of beauty, given by the contact and mutual influence of the two elements. How can we imagine that a race so happily organized by nature, and whose perception of beauty was so intense, should have been unmoved by the aspect of the wood-crowned cliffs of the deeply indented shores of the Mediterranean, the varied distribution of vegetable forms, and spread over all, the added charms dependent on atmospheric influences, varying by a silent interchange with the varying surfaces of land and sea, of mountain and of plain, as well as with the varying hours and seasons? Or how, in the age when the poetic tendency was highest, can emotions of the mind thus awakened through the senses have failed to resolve themselves into ideal contemplation? The Greeks, we know, imagined the vegetable world connected by a thousand mythical relations with the heroes and the gods: avenging chastisement following injury to the sacred trees or plants. But while trees and flowers were animated and personified, the prevailing forms of poetry in which the peculiar mental development of the Greeks unfolded itself, allowed but a limited space to descriptions of nature. Yet, a deep sense of the beauty of nature breaks forth sometimes even in their tragic poets, in the midst of deep sadness, or of the most tumultuous agitation of the passions. When *Edipus* is approaching the grove of the Furies, the chorus sings, the noble resting-place of glorious Colonos, where the melodious nightingale loves to dwell, and mourns in clear and plaintive strains: "It sings the verdant darkness of the thick embowering ivy, the narcissus bathed in the dews of heaven, the golden beaming crocus, and the innumerable flowers in fresh-springing olive tree. *Sophocles* in striving to glorify his native Colonos, places the lofty form of the fate-pursued, wandering king, by the side of the sleepless waters of the *Cephissus*, surrounded by soft and bright imagery. The repose of the night brightens the impression of pain called forth by the desolate aspect of the blind exile, the victim of a dreadful and mysterious destiny. Euripides also takes pleasure in the picturesque description of "the pastures of Messenia and Locria, refreshed by a thousand fountains, under an ever-mild sky, and through which the beautiful *Panthea* rolls his stream." Bucolic poetry born in the Sicilian fields and popularly inclined to the dramatic, has been called with reason, a transitional form. These pastoral epics on a small scale depict human beings rather than scenery; they do so in Theocritus, in whose hands this form of poetry reached its greatest perfection. A soft, elegiac element is indeed everywhere proper to the idyll; as if it had arisen from the longing for a lost ideal; or as if in the human breast a degree of melancholy were ever blended with the deeper feelings which the view of nature inspires. When the true poetry of Greece expired with Grecian liberty, that which remained became descriptive, didactic, instructive—astronomy, geography, and the arts of the hunter and fisherman, appeared in the age of Alexander and his successors, as objects of poetry, and were indeed often adorned with much metrical skill."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

## Bernardin de St. Pierre.

In referring to modern prose writers, I dwell with peculiar complacency on that small production of the creative imagination to which *Bernardin de St. Pierre* owes the fable portion of his literary fame—I mean *Paul and Virginia*; a work such as scarcely any other literature can show. It is the simple but living picture of an island in the midst of the tropic seas, in which, sometimes smiled on by serene and favoring skies, sometimes threatened by the violent conflict of the elements, two young and graceful forms stand out picturesquely from the wild luxuriance of the vegetation of the forest, as from a flowery tapestry. Here, and in the *Chamere Indienne*, and even in the *Etudes de la Nature*, (which are happily disguised by extravagant theories and erroneous physical views, the aspect of the sea, the grouping of the clouds, the rustling of the breeze in the bushes of the bamboo, and the waving of the leafy palms, are painted with inimitable truth. *Bernardin de St. Pierre's* master-work, *Paul and Virginia*, occupies its origin in the zone to which it owes its origin. It was read there for many years by my dear companion and friend Bonpland and myself, and there, (let this appeal to personal feelings be forgiven)—under the silent brightness of the tropical sky, or when in the rainy season on the shores of the Orinoco, the thunder crashed and the flashing lightning illumined the forest, we were deeply impressed and penetrated with the wonderful truth which this little work points the power of nature in the tropical zone in all its impenetrable and ethereal character."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

## To Young Men.

How, after the duties of the day are over, do you employ your evenings? This is a question of importance. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuits to engage your attention, and operate as a stimulus when unemployed, you must, of necessity, have many leisure and unoccupied hours—intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands, and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art. —*Christian News*.

## Marvellous Rectitude.

The history of all countries, and of all ages is founded with marvellous rectitude, which we should be wrong in rejecting with an unphilosophical contempt; all the facts can be explained by a very few causes, more or less difficult to discern, and the rectitude of these causes opens to us the structure of a mysterious policy, of which we have learned from all ages, that the wisest rule the human race, and to lead it either to grandeur or to humiliation, to slavery or to freedom. —*Proctor's History*.

## Influence of Innate Nature on Thought and Feeling among Different Nations at Different Epochs.

I have endeavored in this section to unfold in a fragmentary manner the different influence which the external world, that is the aspect of animate and inanimate nature has exercised at different epochs, and among different races and nations, on the inward world of thought and feeling. I have tried to accomplish this object by tracing throughout the history of literature, the particular characteristics of the vivid manifestation of the feelings of men in regard to nature. In this, as throughout the whole of the work, my aim has been to give not so much a complete, as a general, view; by the selection of such examples as should best display the peculiarities of the various periods and races. I have followed the Greeks and Romans to the gradual extinction of those feelings which have given to classical antiquity in the West an imperishable lustre; I have traced in the writings of the Christian fathers of the Church, the fine expression of a love of nature nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage. In considering the Indo-Germanic nations, (the denomination being here taken in its most restricted sense), I have passed from the poetic works of the Germans in the middle ages, to those of the highly cultivated ancient East Asiatic nations, (the Indians); and of the less gifted West Asiatic (the inhabitants of ancient Iran). After a rapid glance at the Celtic or Gaelic songs, and at a newly discovered Finnish epic, I have described the rich perception of the life of nature, which, in races of Aramaean or Semitic origin, breathes in the sublime poetry of the Hebrews, and in the writings of the Arabians. Thus I have traced the reflected image of the world of phenomena, as mirrored in the imagination of the nations of the north and the south-east of Europe, of the west of Asia, of the Persian plateau, and of tropical India. In order to conceive nature in all her grandeur, it seemed to me necessary to present her under a two-fold aspect; first objectively, as an actual phenomenon; and next, as reflected in the feelings of mankind. After the fading of Aramaean, Greek, and Roman glory—might say after the destruction of the ancient world—we find in the great and inspired founder of a new world, Dante Alighieri, scattered passages which manifest the most profound sensibility to the aspect of external nature. The period at which he lived followed immediately that of the decline of the minstrelsy of the Arabian Minnesingers, on the north side of the Alps, of whom I have already spoken.

Dante, when treating of natural objects, withdraws himself for a time from the passionate, the subjective, and the mystic elements of his wide range of ideas. Inimitably does he paint, for instance, at the close of the first canto of the *Purgatorio*, the sweet breath of morning, and the trembling light on the gently agitated distant mirror of the sea, (il tremolar de la marina) in the fifth canto, the bursting of the clouds and the swelling of the rivers, which, after the battle of Campaldino, caused the body of Buonconte da Montefeltro to be lost in the Arno. The entrance into the thick grove of the terrestrial paradise reminds the poet of the pine forest near Ravenna: "la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi, where the early song of birds is heard in the tall trees." The local truth of this natural picture contrasts with the description of the river of light in the heavenly paradise, from which sparks burst forth, sink amidst the flowers on the banks, and then, as if intoxicated by their perfumes, plunge again into the stream. It seems not impossible that this fiction may have had for its groundwork the poet's recollection of that peculiar state of the ocean in which, during the beating of the waves, luminous points dash above the surface, and the whole liquid plain forms a moving sea of sparkling light. The extraordinary consciousness of the style of the *Divina Commedia* augments the depth and earnestness of the impression produced. Lingering on Italian ground, but avoiding those frigid compositions, the pastoral romances, I would almost think the source in which Petrarch describes the impression which the lovely valley of Vaucluse made on him, when Laura came to the source in which the smaller poems of Boiardo, the friend of Hercules Esté, and at a later period some noble stanzas by Vittoria Colonna.—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

## Imperishable Features of the Jews.

If a man like Newton or Locke were to cast his eye upon a Jewish face, and immediately after read the following passage from a book written some thousands of years ago (Isaiah, lxi., 9). "And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall recognize them, for they are of the seed which the Lord hath blessed," it is impossible to say, or even to conjecture, what his reflections would be on such an occasion, but it is possible to say what they would not be: certainly they would not approximate to anything ridiculous; they would not have the remotest connection with anything contemptuous, nor would they in the least verge on anything satirical. If, on the contrary, a Trollope of American renown, were to cast his eye upon a Jewish face, what would his reflections be? She shall answer for herself: "One reason why I do not always, and altogether, like some of the largest and most splendid parades of the mounted aristocracy is that, I am very sorry to find myself unexpectedly, at some moment or other, entirely surrounded by a black-eyed, high-nosed group of unimpeachable Jews. I know, and I reverence that improved principle of religion which teaches us to condemn no man's faith with any presumptuous feeling of personal superiority derived from our own; yet I have still enough of the old-time heaven about me to doubt if a strong affection for the society of the children of Israel be a duty positively imperative upon Christianity." —*Jewish Chronicle*.

## To Young Men.

How, after the duties of the day are over, do you employ your evenings? This is a question of importance. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuits to engage your attention, and operate as a stimulus when unemployed, you must, of necessity, have many leisure and unoccupied hours—intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands, and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art. —*Christian News*.

## Marvellous Rectitude.

The history of all countries, and of all ages is founded with marvellous rectitude, which we should be wrong in rejecting with an unphilosophical contempt; all the facts can be explained by a very few causes, more or less difficult to discern, and the rectitude of these causes opens to us the structure of a mysterious policy, of which we have learned from all ages, that the wisest rule the human race, and to lead it either to grandeur or to humiliation, to slavery or to freedom. —*Proctor's History*.

## Instinct in the Detection of Water.

The detection of isolated water-holes in a wooded country, where there is nothing visible to indicate its presence, is quite a matter of chance. We have often unconsciously, passed well-filled water-holes, at less than a hundred yards distant, whilst we were suffering severely from thirst. Our horses and bullocks never showed that instinctive faculty of detecting water so often mentioned by other travelers; and I remember instances in which the bullocks have remained the whole night not fifty yards from water-holes without finding them; and, indeed, whenever we came to small water-holes, we had to drive the cattle down to them, or they would have strayed off to find water elsewhere. On several occasions I followed their tracks, and observed they were influenced entirely by their sight, when in search of it; at times attracted by a distant patch of deep verdure, at others following down a hollow watercourse but I do not recollect a single instance where they found water themselves. The horses, however, were naturally more restless and impatient, and when we approached a creek or a water-course after a long journey, would descend into the bed and follow it for long distances to find water, giving great trouble to those who had to bring them back to the line of march. Whenever they saw me halt at the place where I intended to encamp, they not only quickened their pace, but often galloped towards me, well knowing that I had found water, and that they were to be relieved of their loads.

In looking for water, my search was first made in the neighborhood of hills, ridges, and ranges, which from their extent and elevation, were most likely to lead me to it, either in beds of creeks, or rivers, or in water-holes parallel to them. In an open country there are many indications which a practised eye will readily seize: a cluster of trees of a greener foliage, hollows with luxuriant grass, eagles circling in the air, crows, cockatoos, pigeons, (especially before sunset), and the call of *Grallina Australis*, and flocks of little finches would always attract our attention. The margin of scrubs were generally provided with chains of holes. But a flat country openly timbered, without any break of the surface or of the forest, was by no means encouraging, and I have frequently traveled more than twenty-five miles in a straight line without obtaining any object. In coming on creeks it required some experience in the country to know whether to travel up or down the bed; some being well provided with water immediately at the foot of the range, and others being entirely dry at their upper part, but forming large puddles holes, lower down in a flat country. From daily experience we acquired a sort of instinctive feeling as to the course we should adopt, and were seldom wrong in our decisions. —*Leichhardt's Overland Expedition in Australia*.

## Fish River Bush.

I never saw in any other part of the world, anything resembling the Fish River Bush; nor, I should think, does there exist a tract so difficult to penetrate or so clear. The vegetation is so succulent that fire has no effect on it, even in the driest weather; and so excessively dense, that there is no getting through it without cutting your way at every step, unless in the paths made by wild beasts. Yet the Caffers make their way through with wonderful skill and activity, creeping like snakes among the thickets, where no white man can follow them; and this covert, extending so far along the frontier, is of great advantage to them, both in their hostile and predatory incursions, as they can muster in force, and even approach to within a few miles of Graham's Town, without being observed. Not more than twenty years ago, I have been told, the Fish River Bush swarmed with Elephants and other wild beasts. Mr. Clarke once saw fifty Elephants together near Trompsburg's Drift, about thirty miles from Graham's Town; but the active war waged against them for the sake of their ivory, by the Albany settlers, more frequent practices, the patrolling and fighting in the bush during the late Caffre war, have put these original inhabitants to the rout. At the present day, it is said, not an Elephant is to be found in any part of the Fish River or Bush. The Rhinoceros and Buffalo still exist there; but the former, the most dangerous of all the wild beasts of this country, is becoming extremely rare. The hippopotamus, or sea-cow, as the Dutch call it, though much reduced in numbers, is still to be found near the mouth of the river. All the large kinds of antelope have become far rarer than they were formerly within the bounds of the colony, and some are quite extinct. The high, open table-lands, called the *Banabos*, Plains, lying to the north-east of the Winterberg, are still famous for the abundance of large game. Many officers who had visited them for the sake of hunting, assured me that immense multitudes of wild quadrupeds, especially of the quagga, the gnu or wildebeest, the blebok, and the springbok, which were there to be seen, were really astonishing. Lions are frequently to be met with on these flats, though much reduced in number by the exertions of the sportsmen. It is said that the lion will seldom attack a man, at least a white man, unless provoked; when, however, he generally walks away at a slow pace with an air of great deliberation and tranquility, seeming to say, "I will let you alone, if you let me alone; but if pursued or fired at, I attack in his turn with great fury." I had always supposed that he was an animal of solitary habits, but the officers who had hunted on the *Banabos* Plains all concurred in asserting that it was usual to meet with several lions together, sometimes as many as seven or eight. —*Bunbury's Cape of Good Hope*.

## Jealousy.

Jealousy violates contracts; dissolves society; breaks wedlock; betrays friends and neighbors; nobody is good; and every one is either doing or designing a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature; but by reflection it thinks its own fault to be other men's; and that is overcome with the jaundice takes others to be yellow. —*Stray Thoughts*.

## Retrospection.

That Time is dead forever, child,  
Gone, forever, dead forever, —*Shelley*.

Herbs of youthful life divine  
Are turned to ash and pine;  
For she is dead, that May of mine;  
Yet let me lift the veil!

Not as with open eyes she smiled,  
And bled her balmy youth;  
Still must her look be breathed and mild;  
I'll see her May in death!

No more must her look be bright;  
You would not see her look;  
Nor could you learn to trace the change,  
You would not learn to trace the change.

Your heart would die at death's disgrace;  
You would not learn to trace the change,  
You would not learn to trace the change,  
You would not learn to trace the change.

## Side Your Time.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land (United States), where the pulse of life beats with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle; there is such a din—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly; you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the stress of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say—Come! But the voices of the past say—Wait. With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back the hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless inaction—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never come, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the face of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful; because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame"; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished, and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in general, if they knew how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no more misgivings—no disappointment; no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.

## Longfellow's Hyperion.

It is now pretty generally admitted that the Caffers belong to the negro race of mankind, but the characteristic peculiarities of that race, with the exception of the woolly hair, are less strongly marked in them than in the natives of Guinea or Mozambique; the lips are less thick, the nose less flat, the lower part of the face is not remarkably prominent, and the forehead is often as high and as amply developed as in Europeans. The color of the skin appeared to me, in most of the individuals I saw, to be a dark amber brown, frequently approaching to black; while in others it had a tinge of yellow or red; but the skin is so often smeared with red ochre, that it is not easy to judge accurately of its real native tint. The Caffers men are in general tall, though not gigantic, and extremely well proportioned; indeed, their fine forms and easy attitudes often remind one of ancient statues; but they are more remarkable for activity than for strength, and it is said, have generally been found inferior in muscular power to British soldiers. They wear no clothing except the cloak or *karros*, and this is worn only as a protection against weather, not with a view of concealing any part of the body. The skins of which these cloaks are made are dressed in such a manner as to be as soft and pliable as glove leather, and acquire a red brown color, which is not at all displeasing to the eye. The Caffers call these cloaks *ingubo-karros*; I believe, a word borrowed by the Dutch from the *Wintemuts*. Many of the chiefs wear mantles of leopard's skin, prepared with the hair on. They ornament their hair on great occasions with red ochre, which is applied in a very elaborate manner, the hair being twisted up into a multitude of little separate knots or lumps, and every knot carefully covered over with grease and ochre. This process, which is performed by the women, is said to be very long and tedious; but the appearance which results from it, though whimsical in our eyes, is considered by them as highly ornamental. In truth, I do not see that this practice is in any degree more barbarous or irrational than that of covering the hair with white powder, which not long ago was so fashionable in the most civilized parts of Europe. The Caffers women, as I have already mentioned, are inferior in personal appearance to the men, and differ from them, in point of costume, by constantly wearing a cap of dressed leather, shaped like a turban, and decorated with beads and brass buttons. Their cloak, which is usually much ornamented with these same articles, is arranged more decently than that of the other sex, being in general wrapped close round them, and covering them from the throat to the ankles; but the unmarried women sometimes fasten it round the waist in the manner of a petticoat, leaving the upper part of the person exposed. All the Caffers at Block Drift, with the exception of their chiefs, were armed with their national weapon, the light spear or javelin, which they themselves call *Ukhonto*, but to which the colonists have given the name of *Assagai*. It is a slender shaft, about five feet long, made of the very tough and elastic wood which the Dutch call *Assagathout*, and an iron head or blade, somewhat like that of a lance, generally without any barb, but sharp at the edges as well as at the point. The whole thing is very light, and is but a paltry weapon for warfare against European troops; it can be thrown fifty or sixty yards with effect; but beyond that distance they have no certainty of aim. Another weapon used by the *Amakoss* is the *Kirrie* or *Keerie*, which is simply a thick stick of a very hard and heavy wood, with a knob at one end; this is likewise used as a missile, and it is said that they can bring down birds on the wing with it. A considerable number of these people are now provided with firearms; and though, as yet, few are expert in the use of them, there seems to be no reason why the Caffers should not in time become as skillful marksmen as the North American Indians. They will in that case be truly formidable enemies in the Bush. —*Bunbury's Cape of Good Hope*.

## The Violet.

Who always with thee, by the way-side, met,  
First called thee Violet:  
I am that many now who utter it  
Forget to think how fit!

Men love to picture thee, in cool shade,  
Of the deep forest glade;  
Or, watching o'er the brink of lakelet clear,  
The sunbeams dancing there.

But fondlest lesson dost thou teach me yet,  
O violet—Violet—  
Preserving all thy hues, and sweets, and trust,  
Mid the world's travel-dust.

Be mine—not only in calm, safe retreat,  
Away from tramping feet;  
But, on life's road, the lowliest, trustful, true,  
Like thee, to smile there too!

\*As if, WAT-LING. [Misanthropy.]

## The Bear and the Ten-Kettle.

The bears of Kamchatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years ago, the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by the famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion one of them found the outer door of a house open, and entered it; the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court. Broun, the bear, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He held his arms around it, pressed it with his whole strength to crush it; but this of course only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor animal now brought the neighbors to the spot, and, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, whenever anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him the "bear and the tea-kettle." —*Galt Reporter*.

## Hatching Fish.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care on the margin and surface of the water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an eggshell which has been fresh emptied, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water, (warmed by the sun). The young fish are then kept in warm water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by trout-netters, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries. —*Martin's China*.

## The World was made for all.

In looking at our life, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unobscured. All goods, advantages, helps are more open to all. The privileged pet of individualism is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multi-

## The Dyak tribe and the Dyaks.

Preparatory to landing we began performing our ablutions in the boat, much to the amusement and delight of the Dyaks, who were assembled on the landing place, and who eyed us in intense astonishment. The application of a hair brush was the signal for a general burst of laughter, but cleaning the teeth with a tooth brush caused a scream of wonder; a perfect yell!—I presume at our barbarous customs. There were many women among the groups. They appeared to be well made, and more than tolerably good looking. I need not enter into a very minute description of their attire for truth to say, they had advanced very little beyond the costume of our common mother, Eve. We were soon in close contact with them, for one of our party throwing out of the boat a common black bottle, half a dozen of the women plunged into the stream to gain possession of it. They swam to the side of our boat without reserve, and then a struggle ensued, as to who should be the fortunate owner of the prize. It was gained by a fine girl of about seventeen years of age, who had a splendid pair of black eyes. She swam like a frog, and with her long hair streaming in the water behind her, came pretty well up to our ideas of a mermaid. As we had contrived to empty a considerable number of these bottles during our expedition they were now thrown overboard in every direction. This occasioned a great increase of the floating party, it being joined by all the other women on the beach; for more than half an hour we amused ourselves with the exertions and contentions of our charming natives to obtain what they appeared to prize so much. At last all our empty bottles were gone, and the women swam on shore with them, as much delighted with their spoil as we had been amused with their eagerness and activity. —*Murray's Borneo*.

## Importance of Listening well.

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good-breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of Christian feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening, we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consist. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The art of conversation is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentleman will gently sympathize with the speaker; or, if needs must, be as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they listen on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yes. Very good. Ah! Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turn round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all their vices of manners may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit. —*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society*.

## The Violet.

Who always with thee, by the way-side, met,  
First called thee Violet:  
I am that many now who utter it  
Forget to think how fit!

Men love to picture thee, in cool shade,  
Of the deep forest glade;  
Or, watching o'er the brink of lakelet clear,  
The sunbeams dancing there.

But fondlest lesson dost thou teach me yet,  
O violet—Violet—  
Preserving all thy hues, and sweets, and trust,  
Mid the world's travel-dust.

Be mine—not only in calm, safe retreat,  
Away from tramping feet;  
But, on life's road, the lowliest, trustful, true,  
Like thee, to smile there too!

\*As if, WAT-LING. [Misanthropy.]

## The Bear and the Ten-Kettle.

The bears of Kamchatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years ago, the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by the famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion one of them found the outer door of a house open, and entered it; the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court. Broun, the bear, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He held his arms around it, pressed it with his whole strength to crush it; but this of course only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor animal now brought the neighbors to the spot, and, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, whenever anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him the "bear and the tea-kettle." —*Galt Reporter*.

## Hatching Fish.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care on the margin and surface of the water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an eggshell which has been fresh emptied, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water, (warmed by the sun). The young fish are then kept in warm water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by trout-netters, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries. —*Martin's China*.

## The World was made for all.

In looking at our life, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unobscured. All goods, advantages, helps are more open to all. The privileged pet of individualism is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multi-

ture is rising from the dust. Once we heard of a few, now of many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is, glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life. —*Dr. Channing*.

## Perseverance.

A Constantinople Correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, tells the following pleasant story of a Countess of 70 and her interview with Mehmet Ali: "The Pacha has only once before received ladies. He did, however, receive the Countess Talbot (not the Shrewsbury family.) She compelled him to do so. She went to the Kiosk or the Citadel, I am not sure which, and asked to see His Highness; she was refused, he could not be seen. She insisted upon being announced; she was then told His Highness would see her at another time, he was sleeping; 'awake him, then, and tell him I'm only an old woman and won't eat him.' She was admitted. He was much amused with her. She told him she was going to Jerusalem. He enquired whether she had plenty of companions for such a journey; she told him she had, and enumerated her dragoman, seven camels, the drivers! She told him that she had been up in a balloon, down in a diving-bell, at the top of Pompey's Pillar, and now she had seen Mehmet Ali! She was entirely alone, and came from Vienna, not even a female servant with her. She had made a vow to be at Jerusalem on Christmas Eve, and she accomplished it alone. She is upward of 70, but never appears fatigued."

## The Pawnbroker's Window.

There is more of the philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, and passes away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window which like a record of people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they listen on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yes. Very good. Ah! Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turn round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all their vices of manners may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit. —*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society*.

## Effects on Knowledge of its Diffusion.

It is highly significant, both of future results and of present duty, that in our stage of social culture, knowledge can only advance by being diffused. That which some writers carp at as a flaw and a foible in our modern state, may be boldly claimed as one great point of superiority. We are a mechanical age, it is said; everything is done by combination and organization. We need philosophical and literary societies, royal institutions, British associations, academies, colleges, universities, in order that knowledge may flourish. How different from the sage of antiquity, who by solitary musings, courted truth; who found a higher inspiration in the depth of the wilderness, where his meditations fructified into power that moved heaven and earth! Such statements are adapted to delude the religious heart, which knows, and will ever know, the value of lonely musings. Nevertheless, the facts are herein utterly misrepresented. Isolated man is very weak, in intellect as in body. It is the play of mind upon mind, which originally develops every faculty in the infant and in the growing boy; and only by joint effort, by mutual enlightenment, by learning from predecessors, by alternate inspection, by each verifying what another has suggested, can we make sure and sound advances. —*Professor Newman's Lecture on Moral Sentiment*.

## Success in Life.

In no department of life, do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent preparation; for whatever be the difference in the mental powers of individuals, it is the cultivation of the mind itself that leads to distinction. John Hunter was as remarkable for his industry as for his talents, of which his museum alone forms a most extraordinary proof. If we look around and contemplate the history of those men whose talents and acquisitions were most esteemed, we find that their superiority of knowledge has been the result of great labor and diligence. It is an ill-founded notion to say that merit in the long-run is neglected. It is sometimes joined to circumstances that may have a little influence in counteracting it, as an unfortunate manner and temper; but it generally meets with its reward. The world are not fools—every person of merit has the best chance of success; and who would be ambitious of public approbation, if it had not the power of discommending? —